

No 29 '26



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VOL. VII

NOVEMBER, 1926

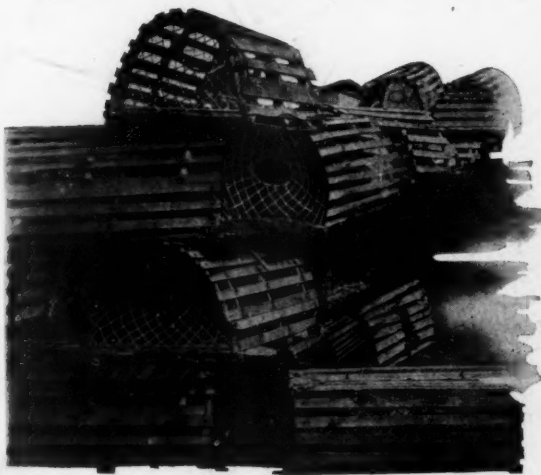
No. 10

Satisfactory Lobster Cordage

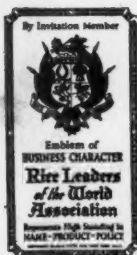
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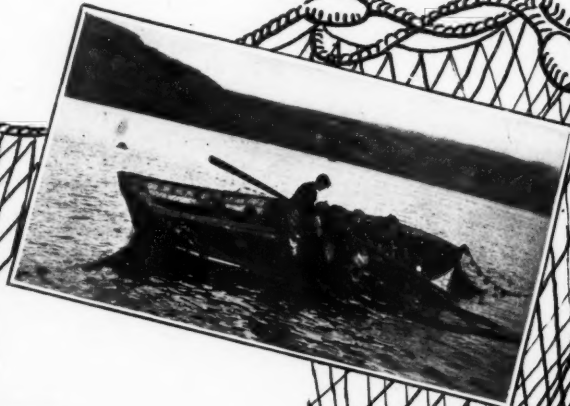
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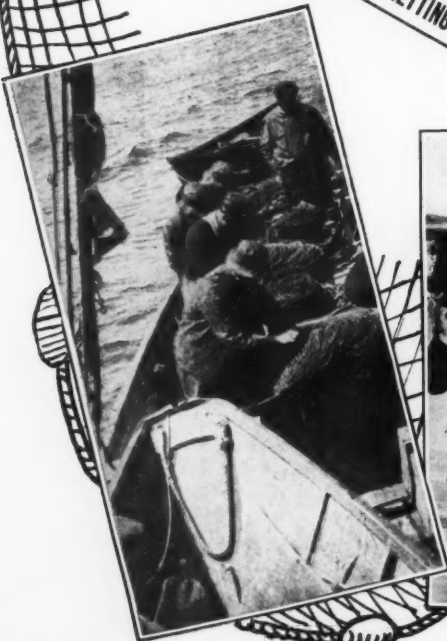


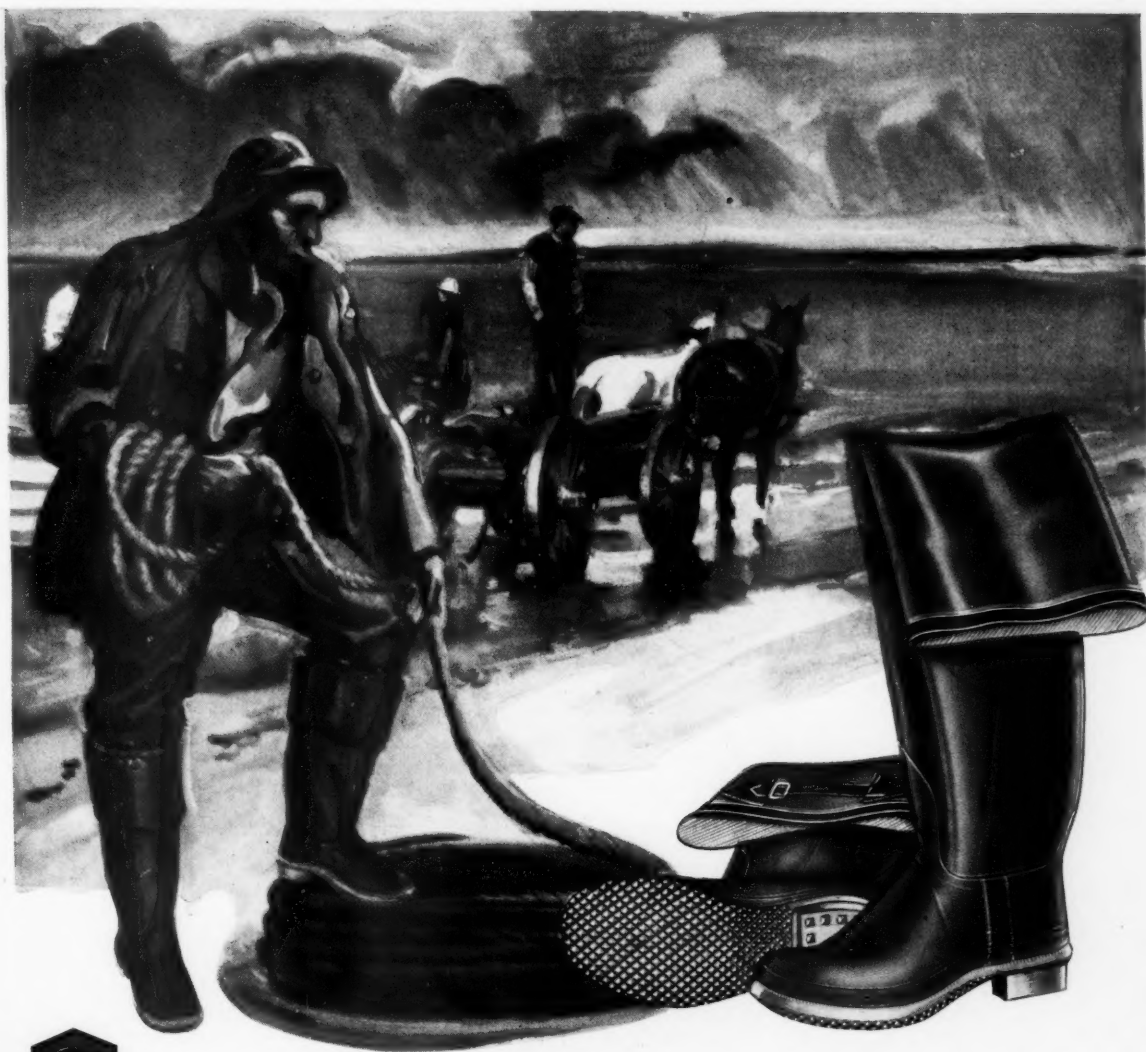


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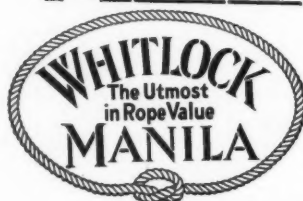
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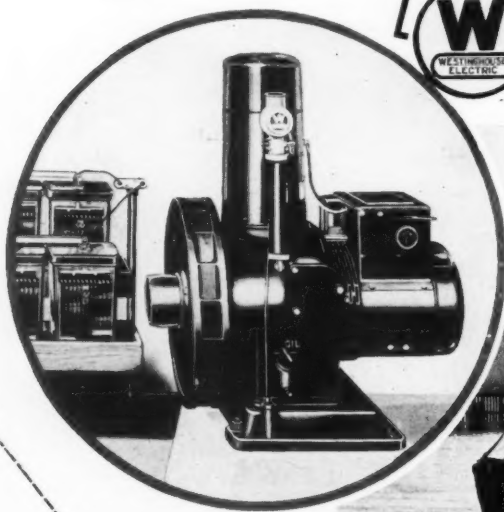
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Electric Power Plants

To New England Structural Products Co.
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Gentlemen:

We are interested in the Westinghouse Marine Light and Power Plant. Please send us performance facts, and other information.

Name

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Address

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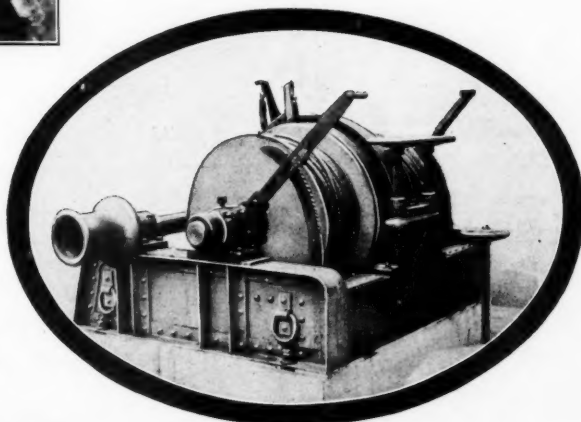
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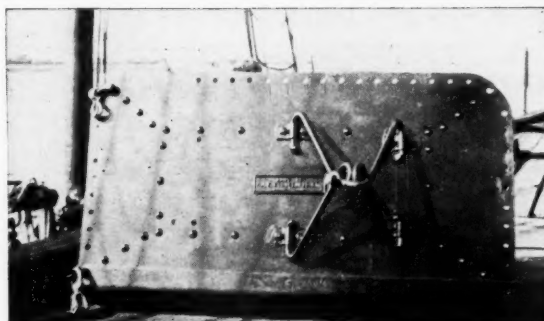


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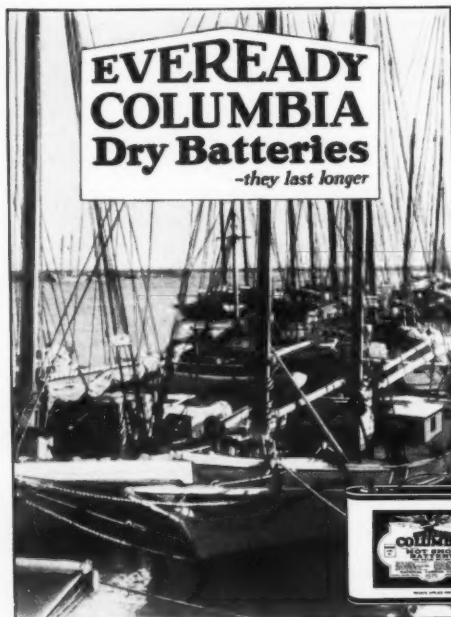
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Powerful batteries for cold weather



Eveready Columbia Hot Shot Batteries contain 4, 5 or 6 cells in a neat, water-proof steel case. It's not a "Hot Shot" unless it is an Eveready Columbia.



1½ volts. Fahnstock spring clip binding posts on the Eveready Columbia Ignitor at no extra cost.

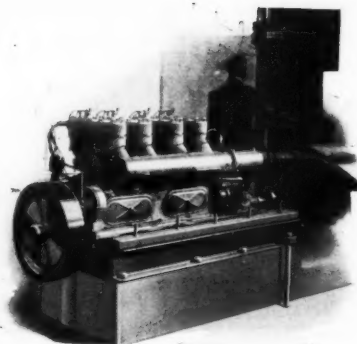
ELECTRICAL hearties—Eveready Columbia Hot Shots. Husky as a whale, and just as water-proof. Just what you need when cold and storms require absolute reliability of ignition service. Eveready Columbians can be relied upon. They are full of electrical energy that produces crashing, fiery hot sparks at all speeds and in all weathers. There's an Eveready Columbia dealer in every port.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

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| gas engine ignition | heat regulators | electric clocks |
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The Palmer block test is about seventy times as long as the average test in an automobile factory, and is equivalent to an actual breaking in of the motor.

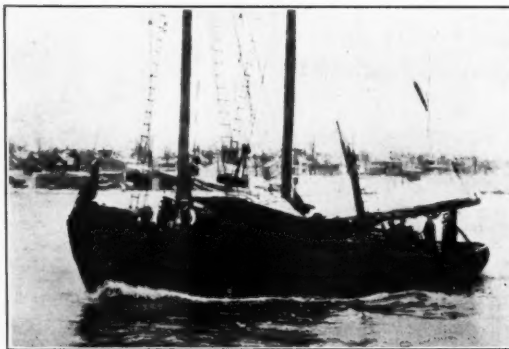
Thirty years ago the first successful gasoline marine motor was the first Palmer motor. So many of these original motors are still running that we are obliged to carry parts for them in stock. Send for catalog.

Palmer Bros. Engines, Inc.

Cos Cob, Conn., U. S. A.

Builders of Quality Engines for 30 Years

STANDARD OIL ENGINE FULL DIESEL



MAINE Fisherman *New Dawn* powered with a 3 cylinder direct reversing 67 HP Standard oil engine, runs further for the catch and further to the market with greater reliability, less cost and less time than with the engine it replaced.

Proof: Mr. T. H. Soule of South Freeport, owner has ordered duplicate engine for his other fisherman the *Carlton Smith*.

Write for catalogue and consult one of our engineers, it costs nothing.

Back of the Standard Gasoline and Oil Engines is the

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134 Pine Street

Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

Will
Not
Kink



Cannot
Unstrand

Nebco BRAIDED MANILA Pot Warps

*"last longer than any rope used
for this purpose"*

7 Sheridan Road,
Swampscott, Mass.
July 7, 1926.

New Bedford Cordage Co.,
164 Federal St.,
Boston, Mass.

GENTLEMEN:

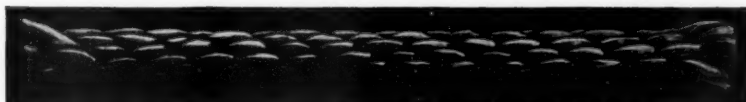
Last October I put NEBCO Braided Manila Pot Warp on one of my lobster pots and found it so much better than any rope I had previously used for this purpose that I decided to use it exclusively in the future.

In February of this year I fitted out all my pots with NEBCO Braided Manila Pot Warp and have never found a kink in any of my warps since then. Moreover, the warps are all in excellent condition now and will probably last longer than any rope I have ever used before.

I am thoroughly convinced that any lobster fisherman who gives NEBCO a trial will never want to use any other rope.

Very truly yours,
(Signed),
FRED N. PHILLIPS.

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your dealer
or send for
sample*



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..... 6 thread fine
..... 6 thread
..... 9 thread
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(Check size and kind you want)

Name

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I buy my rope from:

(Please give name and address of your dealer.)



PATENTED AUGUST 3, 1926

WHITLOCK WATERFLEX CORDAGE

FLEXIBLE -
WET or DRY

used exclusively for running rigging on both the

Columbia and Henry Ford

The remarkable ease of handling **WATERFLEX**, *wet or dry*, is a revelation; its durability is also proving a source of real economy to many enthusiastic fisherman.

WATERFLEX rope is practically unaffected by salt air or continued immersion in salt water. The fibre remains permanently lubricated.

Our claims of absolute superiority for **WATERFLEX** cordage are substantiated by its selection for use on these vessels.

Write for Descriptive Folder

WHITLOCK CORDAGE COMPANY

46 South Street
New York

226 State Street
Boston, Mass.

Not A "Trade Paper"

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is a paper for fishermen—producers—the men who actually fish for a living. It does not purpose to cover the fish trades; nor does it wish to be looked upon as a "trade paper." Rather do we like to think of it as a home paper for fishermen.

Our first care is that its pages be readable, for we believe that matters of human interest and practical vocational help are more to be desired by our readers than stereotyped "trade notes" and dry-as-dust statistical matter.

We want it to be regarded as a steady and reliable source of information, profit and entertainment by that vast army of 150,000 workfolk which constitutes our field.

Atlantic Fisherman

A "FARM" JOURNAL FOR THE
HARVESTERS OF THE SEA

Vol. VII. NOVEMBER, 1926 No. 10

LEW A. CUMMINGS.....President

FRANK H. WOOD.....Managing Editor

Published Monthly at
92 West Central Street, Manchester, N. H.

GENERAL AND EDITORIAL OFFICES:
62 LONG WHARF - BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

\$1.00 A Year 10 CENTS A COPY

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Under the act of March 3, 1879.

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We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are trustworthy. As proof of our faith, we offer to make good to actual subscribers any loss sustained by trusting advertisers who prove to be deliberate swindlers.

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Nor shall we attempt to adjust trifling disputes between subscribers and honorable business men. This offer holds good for one month after the transaction causing the complaint.

To take advantage of this guarantee subscribers must always state in writing to or talking with any of our advertisers: "I saw your advertisement in ATLANTIC FISHERMAN."

Three Letters

Boston, Nov. 3, 1926.

The Editor,
ATLANTIC FISHERMAN,
Boylston Street, Boston.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to congratulate you upon your "Open Fishermen's Race Number" which so ably introduced the recent wonderful Fisherman's Race series off Gloucester. I have never seen in a magazine any more comprehensive introductory story of a great marine event than that which you published just preceding the now memorable *Columbia-Henry Ford* series. The story was good, the pictures were simply a wealth of marine vista and the statistical lay-out left little to be desired.

Hoping that in your November issue you will give us fellows all along the coast, who are so sincerely interested in these races, a story of just what happened that will keep pace with your program effort, I remain

Very truly yours,
ARTHUR L. MILLETT
State Inspector of Fish.

ATLANTIC FISHERMAN,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:—

No doubt you remember me; I have been living in Florida for the last three years, but still take great interest in the Fishermen's Races. From what I read in the Nova Scotia papers, they are the same poor bunch of sports up there as always.

Probably you have the records of the course and times made in the Canadian races in 1921 and '22. In 1921 the *Canada* sailed with 55 tons ballast and a square-peeked mainsail. With the proper kind of peek it would have taken a 62-foot gaff. After taking out six clothes from the center of the sail, we still carried a 50-foot gaff, but this made the sail 5 feet too short in the hoist. Everyone also knew the headsails were too small, but nevertheless I was compelled to undergo those same conditions in the 1922 race.

All the cry was "put in plenty of ballast," so I carried 55 tons of ballast, and 80 tons of sand and gravel on top of them. In the first and only race that was completed that year I found that I was carrying 25 tons too much ballast. If I had had pig iron, 90 tons would have been all I wanted, so I was carrying 45 tons too much. Could you tell me how much loss this accounts for over a 40 mile course?

I also notice by the papers that the *Bluenose* does her best work to the windward. If you have the records you'll notice that in the first day's race in 1921 on the windward course I beat her about 4 minutes. In the 1922 6-mile windard leg I beat her 3 minutes, the *Margaret Smith*, 11 minutes, the *Mahaska* 14 minutes. With proper sails and the right kind of ballast the *Canada* would have won this race.

What could the *Bluenose*, with the same ballast as I had in the *Canada*, overlooking the condition of the sails, do against the *Columbia*?

Enclosed find \$1.00 for subscription to ATLANTIC FISHERMAN.

Very truly yours,
CAPT. JOSEPH E. CONRAD.

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October 15th, 1926.

ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, INC.,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Gentlemen:—

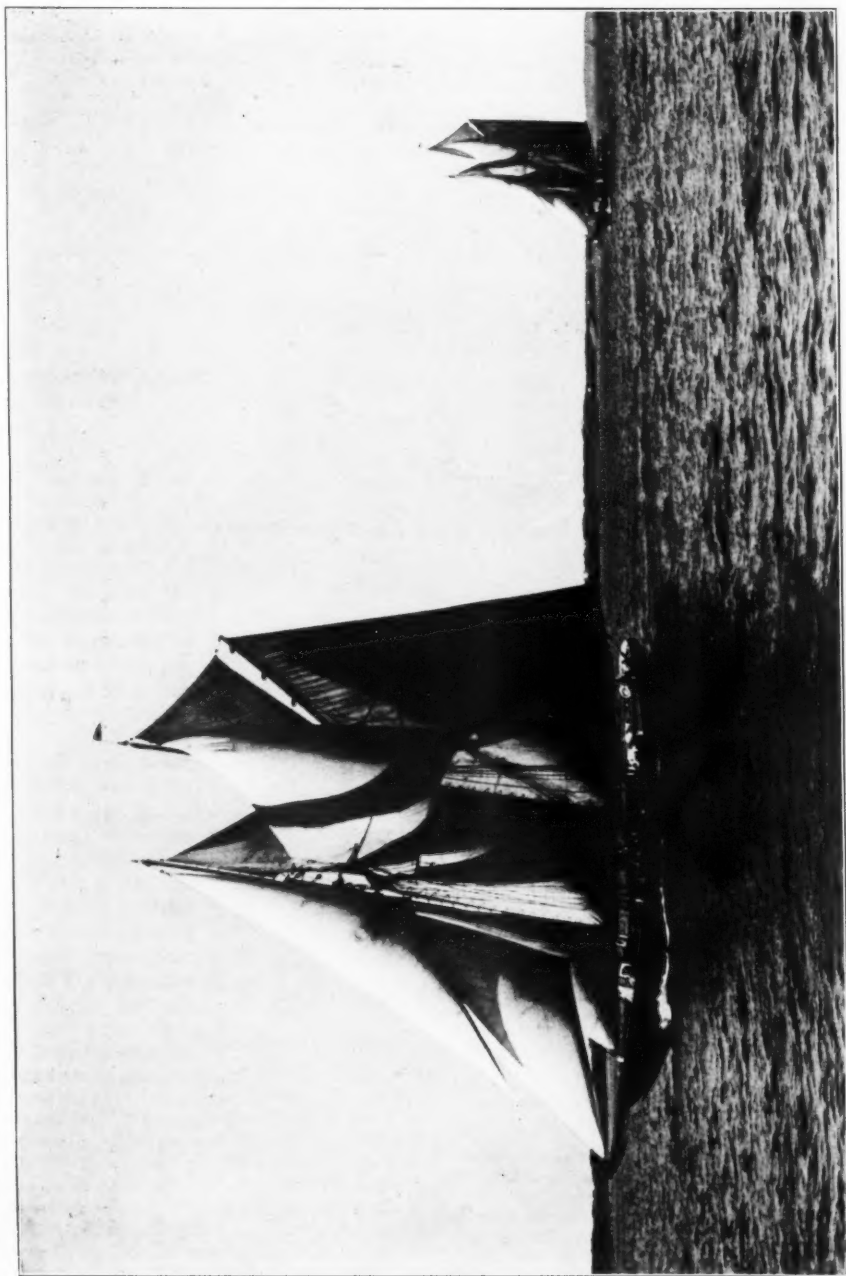
Quite some months ago, I noted in your publication that shares in new fishing schooners were sold to other than those immediately interested in the particular schooner.

This sort of investment for speculation appeals to me keenly probably more from a sentimental standpoint than good business judgment. Nevertheless, will you please advise me, or put me in touch with the proper people?

I have subscribed to the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN for several years and out of nine magazines that come into our home regularly the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, somehow or other, furnishes a thrill that none of the rest do. Incidentally, I am not a fisherman.

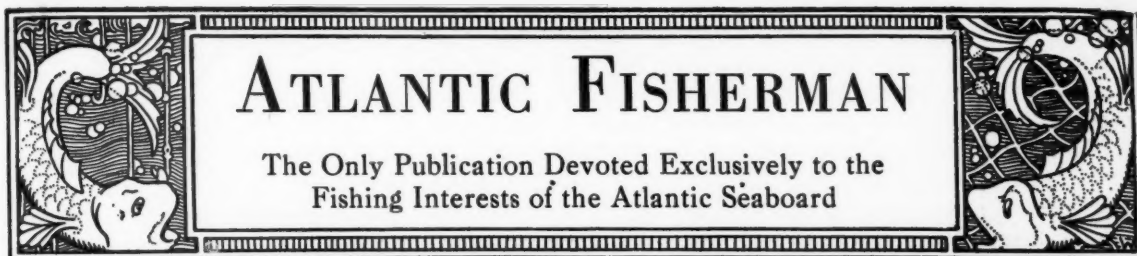
Very truly yours,

If any good, honest fisherman needs a little backing to build a vessel, we will be pleased to forward your letter to the writer of the above.—Ed.



Finish of First Race Open Fishermen's Series
Sch. *Columbia* Leading *Henry Ford* by One Minute Four Seconds

Photo by Albert Cook Church



ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

The Only Publication Devoted Exclusively to the
Fishing Interests of the Atlantic Seaboard

Vol. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1926

No. 10

The Open Fishermen's Races

By Captain Charlton L. Smith

COLUMBIA-Henry Ford matches are intensely interesting to all and particularly to those who are competent to judge the merits of naval design. These two vessels of entirely different mould, though perhaps identical to the layman, met on the 11th and 12th of October and settled the question, for the nonce, as to which could get home first after sailing forty miles. Nature smiled on them with nearly ideal winds and clear skies. No if's are heard from their skippers. The committee, composed of four master mariners and two men of closely allied maritime pursuits, handled things admirably. Columbia won the series of best two out of three. She was handled to perfection by that prince of good fellows, Captain Ben Pine.

Up to this writing, the Nova Scotians have shown little eagerness for an international match this year. They have been offered every inducement to send a vessel up and as Columbus Day drew near with

nothing definite in sight, Captain Morrissey of the fleet-winged *Henry Ford*, showed the world again a sample of his sportsmanship. Despite the fact that his sails were nearly worn out, he challenged the schooner that defeated his vessel in the elimination races of 1923. *Columbia* was that craft and her owners accepted the challenge, with the understanding that the series should be open to all comers and should decide the championship of the North Atlantic fishing fleets.

True, there was much correspondence and not a little backing and filling in regard to the *Haligonian* as a possible

*The Races Told by Legs in Figures

OFFICIAL START EACH DAY, 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

FIRST RACE.

| | Actual Start | 1st Turn | 2nd Turn | 3rd Turn | 4th Turn | Finish |
|-------------------------|-----------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|---------|
| <i>Columbia</i> | 10.00.47 | 10.23.30 | 11.11.37 | 1.01.06 | 2.18.39 | 2.49.56 |
| <i>Henry Ford</i> | 10.00.49 | 10.24.04 | 11.12.17 | 1.00.16 | 2.19.31 | 2.51.00 |

ELAPSED TIME BY LEGS

| | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | Course |
|-------------------------|-------|-------|---------|---------|-------|---------|
| <i>Columbia</i> | 23.30 | 48.07 | 1.49.29 | 1.17.33 | 31.17 | 4.49.09 |
| <i>Henry Ford</i> | 24.04 | 48.13 | 1.47.59 | 1.19.25 | 31.29 | 4.50.11 |

ELAPSED TIME FROM GUN.

| | |
|--|---------|
| Sch. <i>Columbia</i> , Capt. Ben Pine | 4.49.56 |
| Sch. <i>Henry Ford</i> , Capt. Clayton Morrissey | 4.51.00 |

Columbia's margin from the gun, one minute, four seconds.

ACTUAL SAILING TIME OVER THE COURSE.

| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| Sch. <i>Columbia</i> | 4.49.09 |
| Sch. <i>Henry Ford</i> | 4.50.11 |

Sch. *Columbia* led the *Ford* by one minute and two seconds by actual sailing time.

SECOND RACE.

| | Actual Start | 1st Turn | 2nd Turn | 3rd Turn | 4th Turn | Finish |
|-------------------------|-----------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|---------|
| <i>Columbia</i> | 10.01.10 | 10.28.31 | 11.47.11 | 2.04.48 | 3.01.51 | 3.34.18 |
| <i>Henry Ford</i> | 10.00.48 | 10.27.17 | 11.47.23 | 2.08.19 | 3.07.14 | 3.39.06 |

ELAPSED TIME BY LEGS

| | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | Course |
|-------------------------|-------|---------|---------|-------|-------|---------|
| <i>Columbia</i> | 28.31 | 1.18.40 | 2.17.37 | 57.03 | 32.27 | 5.33.08 |
| <i>Henry Ford</i> | 27.17 | 1.20.06 | 2.20.56 | 58.55 | 31.52 | 5.37.18 |

Columbia's margin from the gun, four minutes, 48 seconds.

ELAPSED TIME FROM GUN.

| | |
|--|---------|
| Sch. <i>Columbia</i> , Capt. Ben Pine | 5.34.18 |
| Sch. <i>Henry Ford</i> , Capt. Clayton Morrissey | 5.39.06 |

ACTUAL SAILING TIME OVER THE COURSE.

| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| Sch. <i>Columbia</i> | 5.33.08 |
| Sch. <i>Henry Ford</i> | 5.37.18 |

Sch. *Columbia* led the *Ford* by four minutes and 10 seconds, actual sailing time.

*Official figures compiled by the Secretary of the Sailing Committee, Arthur L. Millett.

entrant from Halifax. But her owners said that they had insufficient time to prepare, so that left it a Yankee affair which gave us two days of thrilling sport.

THE FIRST RACE.

Monday, the 11th of October, dawned clear and cold with a good northwest breeze that increased in force 'till it reached a velocity of twenty-five miles an hour when the vessels started at ten o'clock.

The No. 2 course was sailed: to and across the starting line between the Eastern Point whistling buoy and the U. S. Destroyer *Wainwright*, anchored a good eighth of a mile to the southeast; thence E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. five miles along the Cape Ann shore to a mark off Milk Island, leaving it to port; thence S. W. ten miles to a mark, leaving it to port; thence E. by S. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. ten miles to a mark, leaving it to port; thence N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. ten miles to the Milk Island mark; thence W. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. five miles to and across the finish line.

Eight minutes before the starting signal, the *Ford* was away up to the windward, broad off Magnolia and heading towards shore. *Columbia* was a little nearer the line and heading for it. They jockeyed for position, and at three minutes before gun time staysails were set. When one minute remained the *Ford* squared off for the line with *Columbia* two or three lengths astern on her starboard quarter. Thereupon, Captain Morrissey, being fearful of crossing too soon headed toward the whistler, while *Columbia* kept on coming and shot into weather position on the *Ford's* port quarter. The latter crossed the line 47 seconds after the signal, with *Columbia* timed two seconds later.

A luffing match was now in order and the *Ford* forced her rival closer and closer toward the Cape Ann shore as they tore along. Two miles of this and the *Columbia* took the lead; rounding the Milk Island mark at 10:23:30. The *Ford* turned it at 10:24:04 and both vessels were now close hauled for the ten mile leg to the southward and westward.

Early on this leg trouble of some sort was apparent on both vessels. It was with the staysails. This kite fluttered but a short while on the *Columbia*, but the *Ford's* slatted a full two minutes before it got sheeted home and was drawing.

The *Columbia* was lee vessel the entire ten miles and kept her lead for half that distance. Then it was nip and tuck. First the *Ford* would shoot ahead, then drop that place to her rival. They alternated several times but the *Columbia* happened to be leading again as they tore along nearing the mark, with always a much heavier list than her older sister. As pretty a job of jibing as ever tickled a sailor's heart was performed on both vessels. *Columbia* rounded at 11:11:37; the *Ford* at 11:12:17 and they had reeled off as high as twelve knots at periods, when the wind seemed suited to them.

The run to the third mark was nearly before it, with booms off the starboard. They held high enough however, to make everything draw. This is what yachtsmen call "tacking to leeward." At 11:37, the wind had softened to fifteen miles an hour and much to the surprise of the spectators, the *Ford*, apparently overballasted, caught up with and passed the *Columbia*. The latter luffed across the *Ford's* quarter immediately, but the Morrissey craft held her lead for a while. Just before twelve o'clock, both vessels jibed over, for they were crowding each other too far to the eastward. They jibed again and as the *Ford* neared the mark a staysail was set for a moment on the trailing *Columbia*. The *Ford* hauled on the wind as she rounded the mark at 1:00:16 and sailed just enough "on the drive" to make her kites pull tons. *Columbia* rounded at 1:01:06, was held high and sailed sluggishly.

Captain Pine however, soon adopted the *Ford's* policy. He kept his vessel off a little, but was still trailing in the weather position. The *Ford* soon opened up a gap and as it widened, smoke could be seen from her galley funnel. But if it was a "mug up" it must have been a short one, for the wind picked up and the vessels were going ten miles an hour, with *Columbia* slowly but surely overhauling the leader.

By 1:40 there was an eighteen mile breeze. At 1:45 *Columbia* kept off under the *Ford's* lee and took the lead. She still kept off on a drive as they neared the last mark. At 2:08, *Columbia* tacked and crossed the *Ford's* bow at 2:09, but went around again one minute later. The *Ford* went on to the starboard tack at 2:12 followed immediately by her rival. Both tacked again and the *Columbia* made the turning mark first, passing it at 2:18:39, the *Ford* following at 2:19:31.

The wind had softened to a twelve mile affair. Both vessels made the five miles on one board, but *Columbia* just weathered the destroyer going over the line. Close on her heels, however, came the beautiful schooner *Henry Ford*, tearing along on a drive and closing the gap, but she was a defeated craft as the time at the finish will show. They were: *Columbia* 2:49:56; *Ford* 2:51:00.

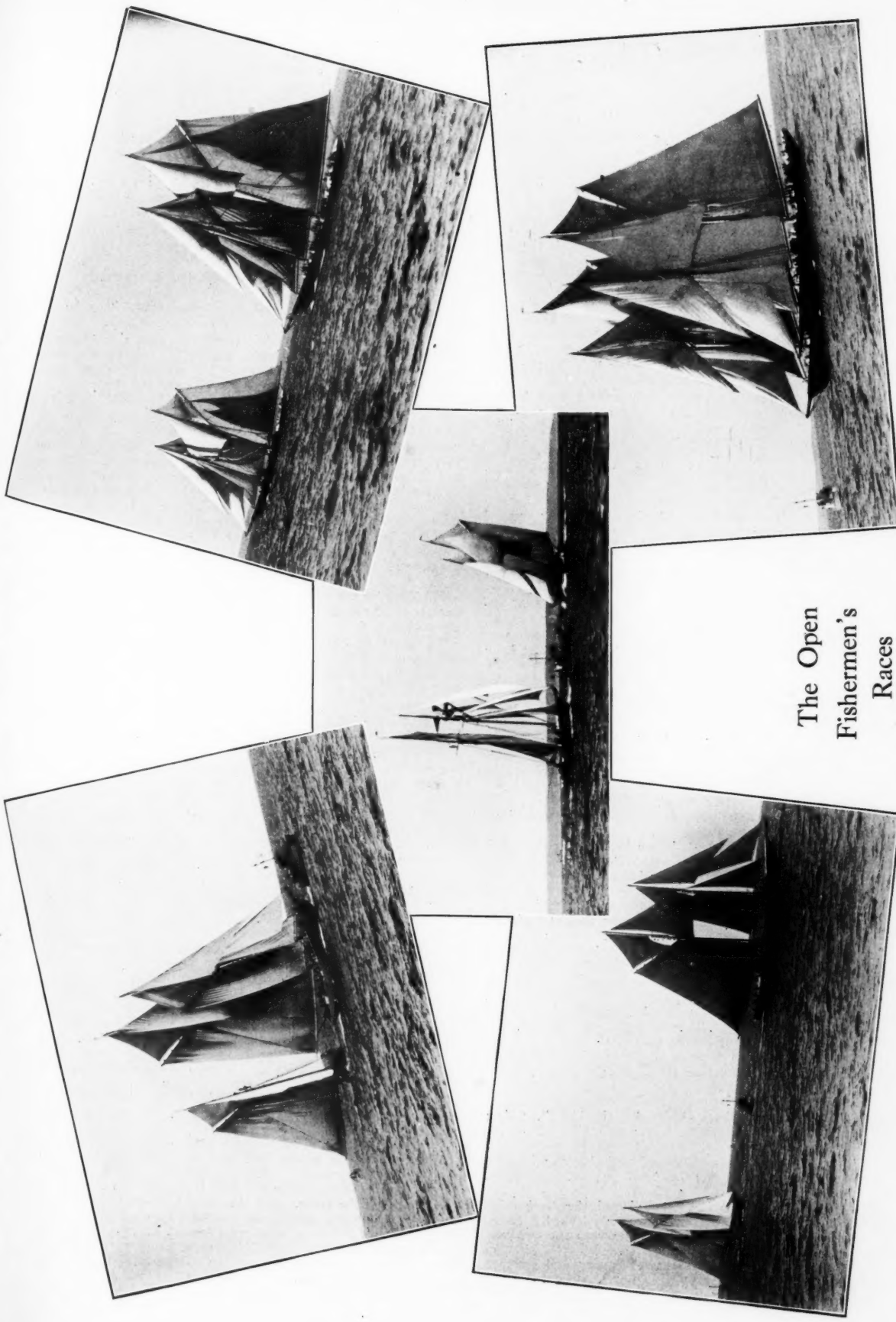
THE SECOND RACE.

Columbus Day was almost a repetition of the day before. There was a clear sky but the wind at the start was not over eighteen miles an hour. As it was from N. N. W., the judges decided on the No. 1 course, the reverse of No. 2.

The vessels played about very much as they did before the first race only, as the breeze was lighter, they did not stray so far from home.

As they came down toward the line with booms to

(Continued on Page 24)



The Open Fishermen's Races

Upper Left: Ford leading the Columbia just before turning the third mark the first day. Lower Left: Ford clearing away with the Columbia following after making the turn a few minutes after the picture above. Upper Right: Columbia leading on the third leg, second day. Lower Right: Columbia to leeward of the Ford as they bore down on the second mark the second day. The boat shown is not the stake boat. Center: Columbia leading around second buoy the first day.

Photos by Albert Cook Church

The Canadian Races

By W. Alexander Dennis

PROVING herself again Queen of the Nova Scotia fishing fleet, the schooner *Bluenose* of International fame, crossed the line in the fourth race of the series held off Halifax six minutes ahead of the *Haligonian*, thereby gaining the Canadian championship for the best two out of three races. In the second and third races the vessels failed to complete the course in the allotted time allowance.

Bright and early Saturday morning, October 16, the wind was blowing from the westward, a 25 knot breeze which looked promising for a stiffer one before the day was out.

Course No. 4 from the starting line South 6.3 miles to the Inner Automatic buoy, leaving the buoy to the port, thence East $\frac{1}{4}$ north 11.3 miles to the Shutin Island Bell buoy, leaving buoy to the starboard, thence S. W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. 9 miles to S. E. Automatic, leaving buoy to starboard, thence N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. 6.4 miles to Inner Automatic buoy, leaving buoy to the starboard, thence N. 6.3 miles to finish line.

Half an hour before the race four pennants were hoisted on the breakwater denoting that course No. 4 would be the course for the first race of the series. After the 9.15 preparatory gun was fired each vessel manouvered back and forth in an effort to obtain a good position in crossing the line. The *Haligonian* in command of Captain Moyle Crouse came down the harbor a few minutes before the gun and swerved on an angle towards the breakwater, while thousands breathlessly waited to hear the report, but unfortunately crossed the line by about two feet before it went off. The champion *Bluenose* in command of Captain Angus Walters followed a few seconds behind her.

It was an ideal start and both vessels had a fine fresh breeze behind them. The vessels were informed by the committee that the *Haligonian* had crossed the line ahead of the gun but Captain Walters continued to race without protest. The *Haligonian* seemed to hold her lead nearly all the way to the Inner Automatic buoy. One would gain slightly by a puff of wind only to be gained on later by the other vessel. As they left the land behind, the *Bluenose* steadily overhauled her rival until reaching the Inner Automatic. Turning, they left the buoy to port, the *Haligonian* leading by about three feet.

What a shout went up from the hundreds that accompanied the two vessels on steamers as they sped like two large birds, neck to neck for the second buoy. Shortly after leaving the buoy Captain Walters passed the *Haligonian* and increased his lead down to the Shutin Island Bell buoy. On leaving this mark to the starboard the *Haligonian* was about a minute behind the *Bluenose*.

The vessels on leaving the buoy began tacking for the South East automatic buoy where again the *Bluenose* showed her sterling qualities in working to the windward increasing her lead considerably on reaching the third mark. She rounded the buoy leaving the *Haligonian* half a mile behind. The vessels held on their starboard tack as they shaped their six mile course back to the Inner Automatic. The *Bluenose* continued her lead and after rounding the last turn headed towards the harbor crossing the line at 1:16 p. m., beating all her previous records over a forty mile course by about fifteen minutes. The *Haligonian* crossed the line half an hour later.

It was apparent that the *Bluenose* had out-sailed the *Haligonian* on almost every point. It seemed that the *Haligonian's* sails did not fit her as well as the *Bluenose's* and it was apparent that if she was to make a better showing her ballast would have to be shifted before the next race to give her a better trim.

Bluenose—Built in Lunenburg 1921; length, 130 ft. 2 in.; breadth, 27 ft.; depth, 10 ft. 1 in.; 99 registered tons.

Haligonian—Built in Shelburne 1925; length 128 ft.; breadth 27 ft. 6 in.; depth, 13 ft.; 125 tons net; 177 tons gross.

With the shifting of the ballast on board the *Haligonian* in an effort to obtain a better trim, race fans looked forward with keen interest to the second contest between the two vessels that was held on Monday, October 18.

One of the most spectacular sights ever witnessed by race fans and the large number of visitors that crowded the Hali-

fax Hotels was at the start of the second race, when the *Haligonian* led the *Bluenose* across the line by about four seconds. Although a heavy downpour of rain had fallen the previous night, the weather turned out fine by morning and the vessels got away in a 20 knot breeze from the north west. Course No. 1 was selected for the second race.

Course No. 1 from the starting line south 6.3 miles to Inner Automatic buoy, leaving the buoy to the starboard, thence south $\frac{1}{4}$ east, to Sambro Lightship, 10.6 miles, leaving the buoy to the port, thence N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ north 7.3 miles to S. E. Automatic buoy, leaving buoy to the port, thence N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. 6.4 miles to Inner Automatic buoy, leaving buoy to the starboard, thence north 6.3 miles to the finish line.

It could be easily seen that the *Haligonian* was in better trim and was doing better than she had in the previous race. But apparently she was not up to the standard as the *Bluenose* soon overhauled her and passed the first buoy to the starboard over a minute ahead of the *Haligonian*. On the course to the Sambro Lightship the *Bluenose* continued to increase her lead and rounded the Lightship for the 7.3 mile stretch to the South East Automatic buoy. Here again the *Bluenose* demonstrated her ability thriving on the head sea and increasing her lead to the buoy. On rounding the buoy the *Haligonian* did better on the home stretch but did not cut down the great lead which the *Bluenose* had to any great extent. The *Bluenose* found it necessary to make a number of tacks before reaching the finish line and in consequence crossed the line eleven minutes and seventeen seconds after the time allowance of five hours set for the races. The committee declared it no race. The *Haligonian* also had to tack a number of times before reaching the line. She crossed the line about 22 minutes behind the *Bluenose* having cut the margin of her time in the previous race by about ten minutes.

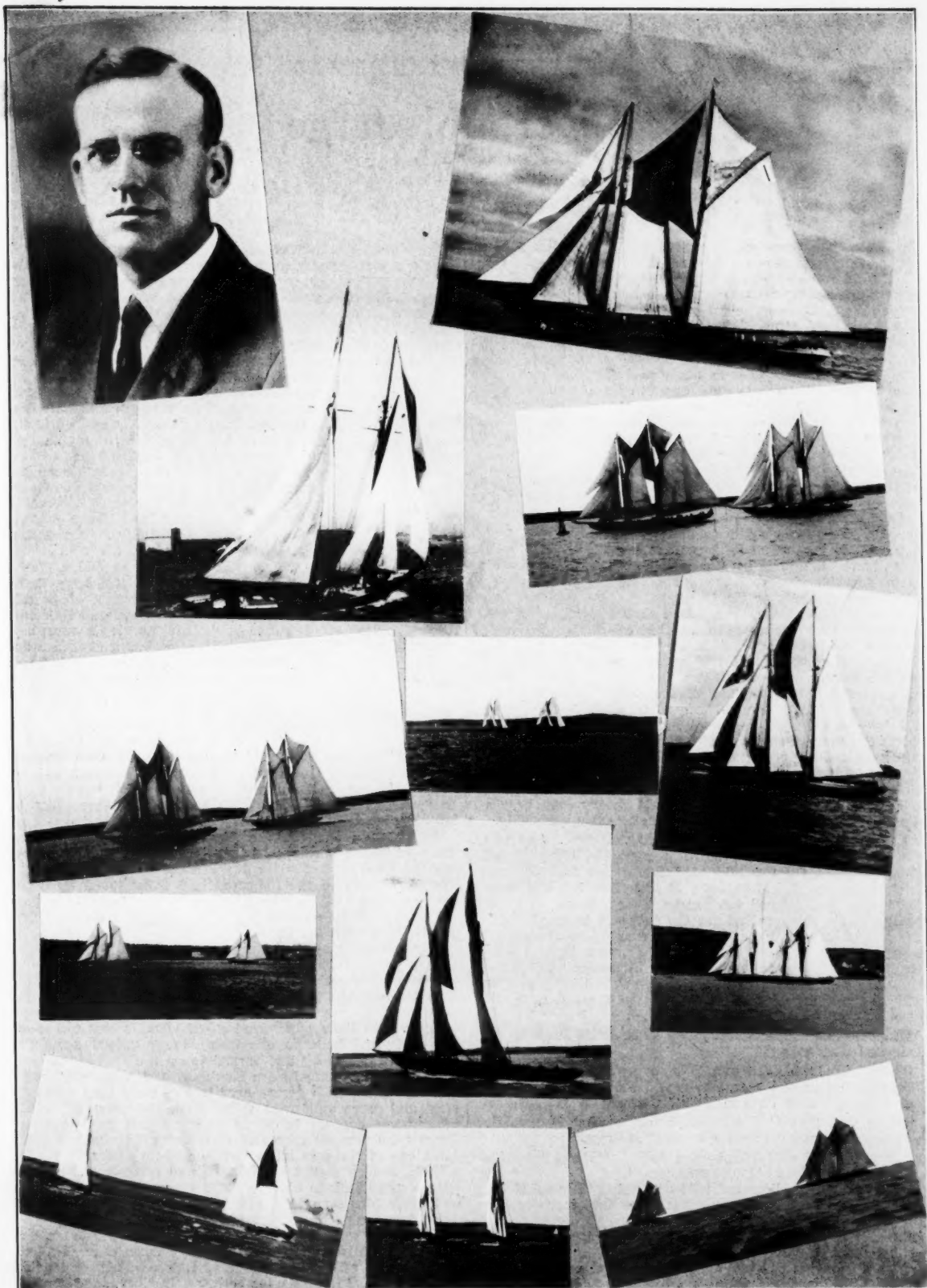
The third race took place the following day and although the vessels did not complete the race in the allotted time allowance it presented plenty of thrills for the fans. Owing to the weather the race did not start till an hour later than the usual time. Both Captains made a fine fight for position and Captain Crouse of the *Haligonian* was successful in outwitting Walters in crossing the line first.

Course No. 1 had been selected—the same course that was sailed the previous day. The vessels headed for the line on their starboard tack and jibed as they crossed, the *Haligonian* being some five seconds ahead of the *Bluenose*. The *Haligonian* continued her lead in the 15 knot northwest breeze but was overtaken by the *Bluenose* before reaching the first mark. On rounding the first mark the *Haligonian's* bob stay struck the *Bluenose* on her starboard rail breaking two or three stanchions.

Although the *Bluenose* swept ahead after passing the first buoy the *Haligonian* cut the lead down before reaching the Lightship and as they turned the second mark only 40 seconds separated them. The *Haligonian* was sailing better than in any of her previous races due to further changes in her ballast. On the run to the Outer Automatic the *Bluenose* increased her lead and was two minutes ahead on rounding the buoy. From there on it was a repetition of the previous races, the *Bluenose* crossing the finish line nearly half an hour ahead of the *Haligonian*. It was declared no race as the vessels again failed to complete in the allotted time. The *Bluenose* was just 11 minutes 37 seconds past the time allowance of five hours for winning the race when she crossed the line.

To say that the poor showing made by the *Haligonian* was a surprise to the fans is putting it mild. Built as a contender for the Nova Scotia Fishermen's race she created a sensation. Her poor showing is attributed to several causes, one is that she had a poor suit of canvas and her best trim has not been determined. After her ballast had been shifted she looked decidedly better but it is felt that a better trim could still be made. In the early season of the year it will be remembered she struck on the rocks off Canso and was practically given up as a total loss. At that time only her splendid construction saved her from going to pieces and it is reasonable to assume that the terrible wrenching and

(Continued on Page 23)



The Canadian Races

Upper Left: W. J. Roue, designer of the *Bluenose* and *Haligonian*. Photo by Climo, Halifax. Upper Right: *Bluenose* putting forth every effort to cross the line within the time limit the second day. Second Left: *Haligonian*, Captain Moyle Crouse, jockeying for position before first race. Second Right: The two vessels just before rounding the first buoy where they collided in the third race of the series. Third Left: *Bluenose* in the lead approaching the first buoy, third race. Third Center: *Haligonian* plowing along in the second race. Third Right: *Bluenose* coming up the harbor to finish the second race. Fourth Left: Soon after the start of the first race, *Haligonian* off first. Fourth Center: *Haligonian* outbound after being overhauled by *Bluenose* in the second race. Fourth Right: Third race, *Haligonian* ahead. Lower Left: *Bluenose* walking away on the leg to Shutin Island, first race. Lower Center: Neck to neck, both vessels just after rounding the Inner Automatic in the first race. Lower Right: *Bluenose* well in lead after passing the Inner Automatic the third day.

Liverpool Jarge

BY HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

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YARN V.

MR. John Savage Shaghellion was, in one respect, totally unlike other men of his class. Most of these old fellows, retired seamen and the like, are a good deal like rabbits. They run around in circles. They have their regular beats. You know where to find them.

Not so with John. He had, indeed, his favorite haunts along the water front, and he was often to be found at the Bell in Hand; but on the whole he was an indiscriminating Rambler. You were quite as likely to find him in Kerry Village as on Court Street; or he might bob up in Chinatown or the North End or Dover Street way. Any place where men gathered to eat and drink with warmth in the Winter and a big electric fan going in the Summer,—and any place where hard-earned cash was easily spent was a snug haven for John Shaghellion. Nor was he a finical chooser. I have seen him erupt with unostentatious haste and with remnants of free lunch clinging in his whiskerage from superior places of the gilded sort like Frank Locke's or the Congress.

There was no reason, then, why I should be surprised at finding John late one afternoon in Mike Leveroni's on North Street. Nor was I. I had ordered a whiskey and anisone when the old gentleman spied me. Deserting, without any hesitation whatever, the preoccupation of watching a game of pin pool he rolled across the room, hove to at my elbow and announced with a bland, childlike faith:

"I'll take the same. Them sweet smellin' drinks always makes me think of warm countries with palm trees wavin' and folks in white clothes and,—and pretty gals heavin' roses at you out the winders." John leered coquettishly.

Well, I paid for the drink,—and another one. And then I conceived the brilliant idea of testing Mr. Shaghellion's capacity. Not for alcoholic stimulants; but for food and drink together. I had thought of it before but the financial hazard had seemed too great. Today, however, I was flush; and the wherewithal for the test was at hand. There was a tidy little eating place at the rear where the ravalis were good and the rabbit, hunter-style, was beyond compare. Wherefore I suggested food. John accepted gracefully and we made our way aft to the tables. No need to go into the details. The check came to three dollars and something, my end being the something.

When he had finished, Mr. Shaghellion lolled back in his chair and wheezed:

"I feel kinder stuffed up. It's very queer what a little bite of grub does to a man like me. I feel some like Liverpool Jarge did that time in New Orleans."

"How was that?" I queried, being minded if possible to have some small return for my dollars three.

"Jarge died," said Shaghellion sadly. "I can hear his last words now like he'd just said 'em."

I handed over a cigar and held a match. The sated old glutton puffed contentedly and droned off into more or less connected narrative. Like this:

"A couple of weeks ago a good-for-nothin' nevvie of mine brang home a book that he had off a second-hand shop with a piece in it about the last words of great men and I read the thing though my eyes ain't what they was. It comes out that none of 'em says what you'd think. You got a right to expect a soldier to say somethin' about war and a sailor to say somethin' about ships. But they don't. The same way you'd say a sailor ought to die at sea and Davy Jones's locker is the only grave for him if he's a real sailor, but some of 'em dies ashore and it can't be helped.

"And that brings up what happened to me and Liverpool

Jarge once in New Orleans. I mind it like yesterday. We took a tow up the river in the bark *Belgian Prince* four months out of Sydney, and when we docked New Orleans looked like the promised land, what with our being near starved livin' on salt horse and weevily biscuit and lime juice. The skipper says we lay there ten days, and me and Jarge goes ashore the first day.

"Jarge says he's going to eat and then he don't know what he will do. Unluckily, he had got all filled up with tattoo in Sydney and hadn't any place empty on him, barrin' his face. He'd thought some of havin' that done, but Jarge fancied himself and he'd promised a gal he knew not to have his face tattooed. That didn't keep him from gettin' a design drawn out by an artist for a shillin' showin' decorations like a Fiji islander, and Jarge said he might get it done if things got dull in New Orleans. They didn't.

"First thing ashore him and me went into a little eatin' house and Jarge had a bit of beef, maybe a couple of pounds, with onions and cauliflower and four cups of coffee and half an apple tart, and Jarge loosened up his belt and paid a dollar and a half without grumblin', which showed there was somethin' the matter with him from the start. Directly after that walkin' up Canal Street Jarge was talkin' about finding a tattooer to have his face done, when we run foul of a

smart young cove what said he was the waterfront reporter for some paper. He asked would we like to drink and we said we would, so he steered us into a very swagger place full of mirrors and brass work and ordered three that he said was made of egg and sody and gin.

"You couldn't notice the gin, but Jarge said it was very tasty and the reporter had bought three or four more. Jarge started in then and pitched a scandalous yarn about gettin' cast away in the Solomons and bein' loved by a native princess, and how he lived on human flesh for a year all in hope of the reporter buyin' a round of real liquor that would have a bite to it.

"You ain't ever et," says Jarge, 'until you've tasted human flesh.'

"And all the time him and me was eyein' a long table over to one side that was set out with the most amazin' mess of grub anybody ever did see. After a bit Jarge whispered to the reporter and asked what it cost to eat off the table and he says it's free. Jarge gulped down the drink he was holdin' and turned to on the grub.

"There was little brown sausages, and a mess of potatoes and onion with grease over it, and some kind of white meat and green stuff with yellor slush and about six kinds of sausage cut up in slices and sardines and mustard. Jarge tried 'em all once and some several times and after a bit one of the men in the white jackets comes over with a little wooden mallet in his hand and comes toward Jarge with a mean look in his eye. The reporter whispers to him and gives him somethin' and he grins and goes back and Jarge has some more of the pickled tripe.

"Well, the grub Jarge has had seems to rather brace him up, and he tells the reporter he'd like some other kind of grog. So he orders what he says is a cocktail, and when Jarge smells of it he begins to cry a little because he says it reminds him of the spring medicine his mother used to give him. But he got it down and went back and found a platter of pigs' feet he'd overlooked and had about six and threw the bones under the table.

"We went to about three more places and had drinks called punch and more grub, and finally hove to in what

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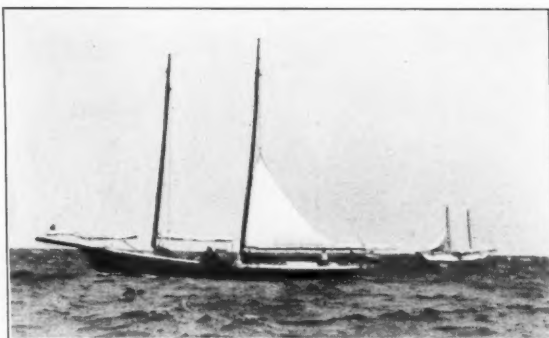
Notes from New Jersey

By J. R. Nelson

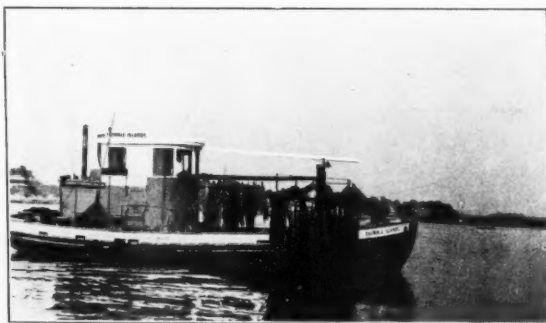
FISHING is at a stand still here, this time of the year. During the summer, a few boats were engaged in hand-lining, and one or two of the oyster fleet went beam trawling, outside the capes, but with very little luck.

The oyster business is booming. More than fifty schooners are working in the cove every day, which is more than a quarter of the fleet. Many of the boats are kept for the purpose of dredging seed on the State beds during the open season, which is May and June. Only those having power are used during the winter, for dredging market stock.

Monday, the 25th, we had quite a gale here. It drove every boat in from the cove. It started in from the SE in the morning, and blew until it had a nasty sea rolling in from outside, then it hauled SW, and made a bad cross chop. Finally it ended up NW in the afternoon and blew from that quarter all night and all day Tuesday, moderating down, Tuesday night.



C. M. Riggen Dredging by Power in a Stiff Breeze.



The outfit shown in the accompanying picture has several features that are a great improvement over the rigs formerly used. The improved features were designed by Mr. Elijah Ball, Owner of the Thimble Islands Oyster Company, of Stony Creek, Conn.

On each end of the mopping bar are wide wooden discs, so arranged that they will roll along the bottom and hold the bar above the oysters, so that the "bills" are not knocked off the latter; as was the case with the old style rigs. Each mop is fitted with a snap, so that it may be removed from the bar every time that the mops are hauled in. A new set of mops is then snapped into place, and the bar again lowered to the bottom; the changing operation taking but one minute. The mops, with their load of stars, are hung over the center of the deck as shown, and the stars may then be picked off by hand, or the mops lowered into boiling hot water. In this manner, the bars, with fresh mops, are kept at work during a maximum part of the working day.

The efficiency of the rig is shown by the fact that Mr. Ball has succeeded, during the past year, in ridding his valuable setting grounds inside the Thimble Islands, of stars. Formerly they occurred there in enormous numbers.

MUG-UP

YARNS



Send in poems, jokes and stories for this column. \$1 for every joke published and \$2 for stories and poems.

The Curse of Skipper Andy

JOSEPH CHASE ALLEN.

*Twas a soft calm day and the Banks were gay
With the brightly-painted dories
And my mate, old Saul, while a 'baitin' trawl
Was a'spinning yarns and stories.*

*"Now right here," sezze, "is the place ter see,
The ghost of the schooner Beaver
Ef ye do, you'll know that tiz time to go,
Jest heave out yer twine and leave her!"*

*"I remember yet when young Andy set—
Twaz his first trip out as skipper.
And the schooner too, she was good as new,
A stiff and deep-legged clipper."*

*"And when-e'er we gammed, why young Andy damned
His soul to the red-hot devil
If he'd leave the ground for a market bound
Till he filled his coamin's level!"*

*"Waal, we set our gear, as we're settin' here
And we dodged some gales that season
But young Andy stayed where he first had layed
For he had no sorter reason."*

*"And he answered men as they warned him then,
He was riskin his life and schooner:
I'll stick, by God, till I'm full of Cod!
I won't sail a damn bit sooner!"*

*"When the glass went low for the first fall blow
We started for home a'flyin'
But Andy's catch hadn't filled the hatch
And sezze: 'I'll keep on tryin'!'"*

*"As we wore around we could hear the sound,
Of his cussin' and his swearin'
And since that day when we sailed away
That schooner has laid there, varin'!"*

*"Through the fog and hail, in the winter gale,
Her crew have to fish to fill her.
And crost the wave you kin hear him rave
Young Andy, the drivin' killer."*

*"Ef you see her clear, then thars danger near
Fer she warns that death is handy
And thair she'll stay till the Judgement Day,
Account of the curse of Andy!"*

A PARTY of twelve employes of the Lewiston Bleachery, motored to Harpswell, Me., recently, and engaged a local skipper to take them out deep sea fishing. It was an ideal early September day, with a warm sun and a smooth sea so nobody became indisposed from being rocked too strenuously in the cradle of the deep.

Prizes were offered for all sorts of things such as the first fish caught, the strangest fish, the handsomest fish, the largest fish, the smallest fish and so on. The only unusual thing about this fish story is that one man took four prizes yet lifted but one fish over the boat's side.

He had hardly put his line down when he hooked something. It proved to be a 19-pound codfish. When it was cleaned a live smelt was taken from its stomach. Thus the fortunate fisherman caught the first fish, the largest fish, the handsomest fish, and the smallest fish—sort of a four-in-one, so to speak.



By THE FISHERMAN'S DOCTOR

HAVE heard much favorable comment on Fishermen's Race number of THE ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, and many expressions of hope that a race may be arranged between the winner of the Gloucester races and the Canadian winner.

Capt. Fred Brackett, off New Harbor, captured two horse mackerel by harpooning them. They weighed between three and four hundred pounds each.

Shortly after copy for the last issue was forwarded the \$15,000 motorboat, *Black Diamond*, of the Booth Fisheries of Eastport, went ashore on a ledge near Letang, Charlotte County, New Brunswick. The boat was in command of Captain Hartford, was sixty-five feet in length, had a 60 HP. crude oil engine and carried sixty hogsheads of herring. Fog and stormy weather was the cause of the mishap. Other motor craft went to her assistance and she was eventually hauled off.

The Gott's island sloop, *Goblin*, owned by Edward Holmes, was nearly wrecked in one of the recent storms, and her rudder badly broken.

Smelt have been in evidence since middle of September and small catches have been reported from several places, but no large numbers of them have as yet showed up.

Fishermen at Swan's Island continue to play in hard luck; frequent storms and heavy seas have prevented tending traps and hauling trawls.

Harold Farrand, Joseph Dumond and Calixte Martin, all of Biddeford, who have been previously reported as lost at sea, were picked up by coastguard 156 and returned to their homes. They were on a fishing trip in a small motorboat when engine trouble developed and they drifted far out to sea. They worked on the engine and made temporary repairs and succeeded in making most of the way back when their gasoline gave out and they again drifted far out. The only food at hand was the raw clams which they had for bait.

Herring have been plentiful in Gouldsboro bay but demand has been poor and prices low.

William H. Thurston of Tremont has been appointed a member of the Sea and Shore Fisheries commission to succeed Linwood Thompson of Belfast whose term has expired.

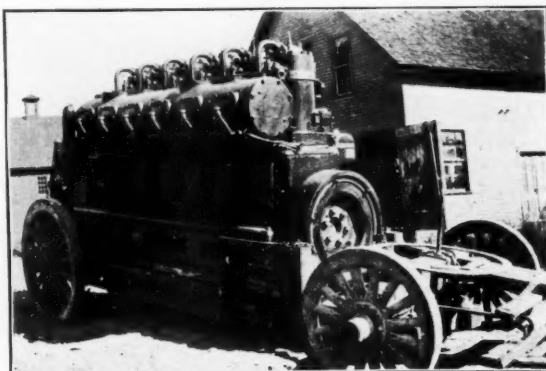
The monster lobster which was preserved and mounted and enclosed in an expensive case by Capt. Fred Higgins of Boothbay, and which was on exhibition at the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield, Mass., where it attracted a great deal of attention, was destroyed in transit from Springfield to the Centennial at Philadelphia. The exhibit was insured for \$500.

The last of September, in spite of herring being in plentiful supply, announcement was made of the intended early closing of most of the sardine canneries at Eastport and along the coast. A dull market and lack of sales was the main reason. The Canadian government maintained its minimum price of \$10.00 a hogshead but many Maine weir-men cut prices and herring were selling as low as \$2.00 a hogshead, and Canadian weir-men lost out a good deal. Labor has been plentiful at forty cents an hour. Many hundreds of cases of the 1925 pack yet remain unsold in spite of distinct improvement in quality of the pack in the last two or three years. There are some who lay the decline in demand to the enforcement of the Volstead law. Before that, inferior sardines were quickly disposed of in large quantities at a nice profit. This season's pack is being stored in private cellars and in the warehouses, and selling movement is very slow. The canners may not lose out with the small pack and the late start and early closing of the season, but the factory employees, many of them worthy fishermen, are in hard case, and ill prepared to stand

a long winter of non-employment. They say that not only has the Volstead act knocked out the market for Maine sardines, but also the market for smoked or preserved fish of any kind. Much has been said and written in favor of the Maine Cooperative Sardine Company which has been the selling agency for most of the sardine factories, and which put an end to the destructive, price-cutting competition of earlier years, but lately many packers have begun to favor return to the old regime with each concern doing the best it can to fight the battle for quick sales.

At Thomaston, Charles A. Morse & Son recently launched the new fisherman *Vagabond*. She is ninety feet long, nineteen ft. beam and has a draft of ten feet; is schooner rigged and has a 180 HP. crude oil engine and Hathaway hoisting gear. She is fitted to carry eight to twelve men. The boat is owned by Capt. Wm. Westerbeke of New Bedford who expects to fish with her on Georges Bank.

The American Can Company has closed for the season, and many more hands are added to the army of unemployed at Eastport. The company in recent years found value and profit in reclaiming the waste tin from the manufacture of sardine cans. The tin coating was removed and the



Above: 180 H. P. C.O Engine for the *Vagabond*.

Below: Sam Miller (left), the Down-East rigger, and Charles Morse (right) telling the teamster how to do it when the weight of the engine became too much for eight horses and a gang of men. It's no cinch of a job to haul a machine of this weight over the Maine roads, but they carried it from the Thomaston depot to the yard after some sweating and cussing. Chester Hathaway, who is fitting the vessel, couldn't swear with real State-of-Mainers so he doesn't show.

metal scrap baled and shipped for manufacture of tobacco tags and ornaments. It was also used as a filler for cheap silk to give weight and rustle. Now about the last of the can scrap has been gathered up and shipped.

One of the saving features for the Eastport fish workers now having a long period of non-employment, is that J. C. Potter in the J. W. Beardsley plant is very busy putting up smoked, boneless herring, and other products, and the

outlook is for continuous employment during the winter. They have recently acquired a large supply of potatoes for manufacturing fish-hash cakes.

Parker's Lobster Pound at Belfast, near the Searsport border continues to do a large local and tourist business in lobsters which they cook fresh from the pound, and traffic on the Atlantic Highway teems with natives and tourists seeking lobsters.

The Robbinston sardine factory on the St. Croix river, has recently closed for the winter.

Lobsters are "skurce" at Swan's Island and low prices have been prevailing. Schooner *Progress* has loaded fish at Morse's wharf and has sailed for Gloucester, via Portsmouth, N. H.

Cecil McHenan, a young lobsterman at Swan's Island was out before dawn on Oct. 15th hauling his traps early that he might get through in time to serve with the crew of the steamer *Bodwell* on her regular trip to Rockland at 5.30 a. m. Some how he fell overboard, got tangled in his gear and was drowned. His body was recovered in the harbor on Saturday morning. He was the chief support of his family as his father has been blind and a chronic invalid for years.

The four masted schooner *Helen Brandt* recently brought 1800 tons of salt from Turk's island to the MacNichol packing company at Eastport. The factory has just closed for the season.

Ralph Doyle of Orland had a bad fall on a fisherman at Gloucester and broke his wrist.

John Wentworth of Eastport is packing sardines by new process using fish small enough to pack crosswise in the can, each fish being carefully cooked by hot air.

S. H. Mitchell of Hancock is building a lobster pound at Petit Manan for Capt. J. W. Stinson.

We can believe Joseph C. Allen of the Vineyard Fishermen as not being afflicted with an expansive imagination, or at least with one not too expansive, as we took a trip on the coal carrier *Ripogenus* from Searsport, Maine, to Norfolk, Virginia, and saw that Marthas Vineyard lay exactly as charted, and also that the waters were alive with fish, so thick that we had difficulty in not being shoved onto the shoal spot in the dredged channel near the Pollock Rip lightship. Further on we saw what seemed to be a large fleet of fishermen dragging for quahaugs but the little vessels were going so fast that the Skipper wanted me to ask Mr. Allen if they were high-pressure quahaugs that they could stand such a pace. We saw so many submarines that the First Officer wanted to know if the Vineyard boys use subs to catch their fish.

Our coast fishermen wanted to see the *Bluenose* race the Gloucester champion.

At Stockton Springs it is observed that most of the smelt caught are males and only in small quantities. The past extensive smelt fishing through the ice may explain the absence of the females.

Harold Webb has returned to Oceanville and opened up the clam factory. Clams are not plentiful.

Smelt fishing on the Georges river is beginning to attract attention.

Many weirs in Passamaquoddy Bay were damaged badly by the latest storm.

Last Monday night, Oct. 25th., fire destroyed the plant of the Penobscot Fish Company on the McLoon wharf in Rockland. Also Thorndike and Hix Lobster Company and the A. C. McLoon company were burned out. Captain Charles L. Philbrook of the steamer *Southport*, called upon to move his steamer from its dangerous position at Tillson wharf misstepped in boarding his vessel, fell and struck on his head, receiving injuries which resulted in his death a few hours later. The property loss is estimated to exceed thirty thousand dollars.

Report is current in Rockland that fourteen trawlers of the Deep Sea Fisheries, Inc., have been sold to the Atlantic Coast Fisheries Company of New York, and that the trawlers will be conditioned and put into commission by the Portland Trawling Company which is the operating end of the Atlantic Coast Fisheries Company, and it is also reported that the New York company seeks to acquire the plant of the Deep Sea Fisheries at Rockland. The New Yorkers are large manufacturers of fillets for which they have a large middle west market.

The Penobscot Fish Company will rebuild.

This seasons entire sardine pack has been estimated at not over 1,500,000 cases.



By JOSEPH C. ALLEN

AND now comes November booming down wind and chasing the last month to loo'ward together with the memories of the happenings of October, which around these waters have been rather uneventful. Things have run on about as usually happens during this part of the season which lies between the summer and winter fishing. Gear has been coming ashore steadily all through the month, some of it in darn irregular sections, for we have had a breeze or two that shook things up just a bit. There are still a couple of traps in, however, and some few lobster pots, for we have a few lads who set so far off-shore that they have to get clearance papers every time they go to "haul". Naturally, they can't go out every day and sometimes it is a couple of weeks between the times they bait up.

So it is with getting the gear ashore in the fall. They have to pick their weather and it takes a devil of a lot of picking.

Fish have been plentiful and are yet, although there is a scarcity of some varieties and there are a pile of small ones. The butters, for instance, have been running fairly well all the season, but they have been mixed and didn't bring the price that big fish did. Quite a few were taken during the past month, and due to weather conditions on the coast, our lads did rather better with them than before. A few striped bass and squiteage were taken also, just enough to encourage the boys.

As for the rest, sea bass have run well in spots, tautuag fair, and the cod have driven everyone dippy. They have been a nuisance all summer, their numbers were so great, but they have been so small that they weren't worth much. It has been just the same since the weather cooled up until very recently. They have been so full of bait that they wouldn't half grab a hook and would let go before a man could haul them a fathom off the bottom, but they were so thick that when the hook came clear from one it would catch another, and half of the cod taken were hooked by the bellies. But now they are running larger and the prices are picking up some too.

Our little draggers started operations some time ago, and they struck a mess of small fish too. Mostly flounders; the yellow-tails are very scarce. There are more large flounders now, however, and enough of them so that the boys don't need to feel discouraged if we can just draw a fair share of decent weather. Several of our boats have been to Hyannis for quahaugs each fall previous to this, but there is no quahauging there now. The boys claim that the bottom has shifted and destroyed or buried the beds. Of course the big thing on hand right now is the scallop season which opens at Edgartown on the first of November. That is the only town which is going to have any this year, but everything indicates that their catch will be larger than common. Of course the Edgartown lads are knocking the quahaugs as usual.

There is very little to report in the way of common gossip. Talk runs to sea-eeing among some of our small boat men and ideas on how to build the proper pots for them, would be appreciated. No one hereabouts has ever seriously engaged in the business of trapping these "devilish critters", but there are plenty of them in summer and the price is good, and it seems as though a few of the boys might take a whirl at them. There is one story which has passed through so many hands that it wouldn't be quite safe to mention the principal character. This is in the line of gossip, and not of eels.

We have had a few mighty hard rain storms, accompanied by wind. Well, everyone admits that it rained hard, many say it rained harder than they ever saw it, but this particular lad claimed that it rained into his cabin stove-pipe so hard, that he couldn't leave his bidge-pump long enough to plug it up.

That ought to do for a wind-up.



ONE of the most impressive memorial services ever held in the history of Lunenburg County, took place at Lunenburg, the first Sunday in October. It was a bright crisp Autumn day and large crowds turned out to pay their last respects and to honor the brave fishermen who had lost their lives at sea, while engaged in fishing during the season of 1926.

It is believed that some 7,000 persons witnessed the ceremony which was held on Zwicker and Company's wharf during the afternoon. It was the second ceremony of its kind ever held at Lunenburg and large numbers came from far and near to pay their last respects to 52 of Lunenburg's finest men. The wounds in the hearts of the Lunenburg people were opened anew during the solemn service. The loss that was most tragic and which Lunenburg is staggering under today, is not likely, if ever to heal in the hearts of her people.

Construction work on the proposed fish plant that was to have been started in the town of Dartmouth some time ago will not begin till next April. The only reason for the delay seems to have been that the company was unable to obtain a clear title to the site.

The Maritime Fish Corporation which is building the new plant have now taken possession of the property and they propose to erect a modern and far superior plant than was at first intended. The original plant was to have cost \$200,000 but with the extensive changes it will now cost in the vicinity of three-quarters of a million. The headquarters of the corporation is to be established in Dartmouth.

The new cold storage plant at Lunenburg established by W. and G. Smith will be opened shortly. The plant consists of four buildings, a cold storage building with a storage capacity of 2,000,000 pounds and a daily freezing capacity of 300 barrels, a fish receiving shed, a packing house, and a smoke house. The firm will be known as the Lunenburg Sea-Products Limited. Due to enterprise of this firm the Lunenburg fleet will be able to buy all their future bait at home for their trips to the fishing grounds.

In the latter part of September, the C. G. S. *Arras*, Captain C. Barkhouse was in at Liverpool to have the ship's boilers cleaned. During the past summer the steamer has been doing fine work on the fishing banks in caring for the sick and injured among the Canadian fishing vessels.

The *Arras* carries a full general equipment of medical supplies. Dr. D. K. Webster of Pictou is the medical officer in charge and during the past summer 176 cases were treated compared with 124 in 1925 and 88 in 1924. Besides aiding the Canadian fleet with medical supplies, the *Arras* assists the vessels that are in any difficulties. While the ship is not equipped with hospital accommodation, officers' quarters were turned over for the treatment of cases. The work is increasing and it is felt that a larger boat with better accommodation would be more suitable. The work of the *Arras* has been highly spoken of and much appreciation has been expressed by Captains who otherwise would have to make long trips back, to land their sick. This would mean a great loss of time and also returning with smaller fares.

Under an arrangement with the French cruiser *Vill-D'ys*, both the *Arras* and the cruiser will cooperate in rendering medical assistance to the French and Canadian Fleets. It will be a great advantage to both fleets to have two boats on the Banks to render assistance. Both ships are equipped with wireless. The *Vill-D'ys* was reported at Sydney, N. S. on September 16 prior to returning to her home port, Havre, France.

Unexpected harvest was reaped by the fishermen in the vicinity of Hubbards and Fox Point the last Tuesday night in September. On the following morning they hauled up their nets to find to their surprise they were filled with the fall run of mackerel.

Most of the fishermen had their traps ashore to be repaired from the damage by recent storms and were not able to participate in the monster school that paid them a surprise visit. The total catch was the largest of the season, some 47,000 fish being taken.

Among those that reaped the unexpected harvest was G. G. Harnish of Hubbards who took the highest fare—30,000 mackerel being brought in by his boats. Fred Coolen and brothers of Fox Point, with 7,000 mackerel and Eddie Langille and Company, Fox Point with 5,000 mackerel came next. A few other small catches were reported in the vicinity. At that time there was very little demand for the fish in the United States market and it was expected that the provincial market would take care of the fares. At Hubbards in St. Margarets Bay the fish were selling for nine cents a piece. It had been the first big catch of mackerel for three weeks when 25,000 were secured.

Large numbers of herring were driven in Digby Basin by pollock the first of the month. A dispatch to a daily paper says in part that a young woman stood ankle deep in the water, caught with her bare hands enough herring to fill a large-sized basket. The herring are of a fine large size, and the people who are not actually engaged in fishing are salting the fish down for their own use. The same dispatch says that the boys and girls have made a dollar. A young lad took a pitchfork and standing up to his knees in water speared over three dozen large pollock which weighed 350 pounds. The fish sold for a cent a pound and brought the boy a good day's pay for a few minutes work. The lobster fishermen salted a large amount to be used later as bait in their industry. It has never been known before in the history of the small community that fish were so plentiful.

Fishermen along Digby neck have instituted the co-operative plan similar to the Lunenburg fleet. Through a co-operative company they have marketed a whole season's fresh fish catch. Fishing had become so unprofitable due to low prices, that after holding several meetings the fishermen decided to buy shares in the company to see if things could not be done to better conditions. During the summer months a large number of boats have been engaged in the fishing industry and they have found a fair price for their catches. The fish have been packed in the ice boxes and sent to the Upper Canadian markets. It is intended to extend operations and take in the dried fish trade and buildings will be erected for the smoking and drying of fish. A large number of small boats are fishing out of Freeport, Westport and Tiverton. The fishing industry of Digby County has languished during the past few years and every effort is being put forth to revive the industry.

The greatest increase in the fish catch for any one single year in the history of Nova Scotia, has taken place this year, according to Ward Fisher, Chief Fisheries Inspector for the Eastern Division of the Department of Marine and Fisheries who made figures public about the middle of October. It is estimated that the catch for the twelve months of this year will reach 300,000,000 pounds, compared with 247,000,000 for 1925.

An increase of 40,000,000 pounds took place in the fish catch during the past four months of this year, (from June 1 to Oct. 1) while for September the landings of all varieties of fish show an increase of nearly 21,000,000 pounds compared with the total landings for September, 1925. The landed value of the September increase is estimated around half a million dollars.

A steady increase in the catch has been going on in the fish industry during the past four years. While the catch has shown a substantial increase during the past four months, September was a banner month, showing an increase of more than the total increase for the three preceding months. The total quantity of all fish landed in September was 76,017,700 pounds, with a landed value of \$1,528,399. The total quantity of all fish landed for September, 1925, was 55,235,900 pounds with a landed value of \$1,110,575.

Some excellent catches of the highest quality mackerel have been taken along the South Shore district of St. Margaret's Bay and Liverpool. About 70,000 were taken in the Hubbards district of St. Margaret's Bay and some 30,000 were taken around Oct. 1 in the Liverpool district. The fish were large and in prime condition. The price owing to the large catches along the New England coast during the past season, were low, running from two cents per pound to nine cents per fish.

The demand for fresh and smoked fish has been good

and with the steady improvement in quality and shipping facilities, the summer sales are increasing very satisfactorily. The dried fish trade has been sluggish, and the outlook is not promising, as far as prices are concerned. Six dollars per quintal has been the best price reported. The foreign markets, particularly Porto Rico, have lately shown improvement, and several cargoes have gone forward.

A great deal of interest has been displayed throughout the province in the picture the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN printed in its September issue of the T Wharf at Boston some 30 years ago. It was recalled by old timers that the steamer *New Brunswick* of the International Line, with her old paddle-wheel ran as a summer passenger boat between Boston and Annapolis making a call at Digby each way. Comments were made in the Halifax Herald and one of the other provincial papers recalling the event.

A new schooner *John C. Miles* recently made her maiden trip to the fishing grounds. The schooner was built at North Sydney and is equipped with Acadia engines. The vessel was built and designed by Charles Hillier. She is fishing out of North Sydney for the remainder of the season.

The schooner *Leila* was reported wrecked off Canso in October. She was bound from North Sydney to Gloucester with a cargo of fish. The crew were all saved. It is understood that the vessel and cargo were insured.

On October 26 the French trawler *Asie* arrived at North Sydney with the crew of the Lunenburg schooner *Shepherd King* which was partly burned at sea and towed to St. Pierre. The vessel was a total loss.

On the arrival of the schooner *Bluenose* at Lunenburg, the home town of Captain Angus Walters, the crew and Captain were given a royal welcome. She was ushered into the harbor by the blowing of many sirens. The *Haligonian*, Captain Moyle Crouse on her arrival at Lunenburg was also given a warm welcome.

Wednesday, October 27 was National Fish Day in Canada. The aim and object of this observance is to stimulate our fishing industries and the emphasizing to the people in general of the food and health value of fish.

The Canadian Races

(Continued from Page 16)

straining that she passed through would undoubtedly have some effect upon her. That she was not the vessel she was before the harrowing experience is plain to be seen. To anyone who watched the races they certainly would not hold W. J. Roue her designer responsible for the showing. It simply appeared that the vessel could go faster but it seemed as though she were dragging something behind her or something was holding her back, and what it is has yet to be determined.

The third race was similar to the previous races. The committee had extended the time limit to six hours giving the vessel an extra hour in which to cover the course. The race was postponed an hour on account of the light winds as in the previous race. The vessels sailed over No. 1 course as sailed on Monday and Tuesday. The *Bluenose* crossed the line first and shortly afterwards continued her lead till the end of the race. The wind was from the northwest and the breeze continued light for the day. The *Haligonian* cut down her lead from the first mark to the lightship, but the *Bluenose* seemed to have the advantage and finished over six minutes ahead of the *Haligonian* making her still the undefeated champion of the fleet.

The following are the times in which the vessels completed the course in the series.

| SATURDAY | |
|-------------------------|---------|
| <i>Bluenose</i> | 4.15.35 |
| <i>Haligonian</i> | 4.46.30 |
| MONDAY | |
| <i>Bluenose</i> | 5.11.17 |
| <i>Haligonian</i> | 5.33.04 |
| TUESDAY | |
| <i>Bluenose</i> | 5.11.37 |
| <i>Haligonian</i> | 5.38.49 |
| WEDNESDAY | |
| <i>Bluenose</i> | 4.23.25 |
| <i>Haligonian</i> | 4.29.48 |

Among the interested spectators on the press boat for the second race of the series were Captain Ben Pine and Captain Clayton Morrissey of Gloucester who were in the city to talk about an International race. They were ready to race the *Columbia* against the winner of the Nova Scotia event, the contest to be sailed off Gloucester. Captain Pine thought he could do as well on a soap box as the *Haligonian* did in the race. The boys jollied him along.

To the *Bluenose* went the Halifax Herald new trophy and \$2,500 of the purse of \$4,000. The *Haligonian* received the losers end of the purse which was \$1,500. The vessels raced this year for a new trophy, the *Bluenose* having won the previous cup by two straight victories and a win by default. Next year it is planned by the Committee to conduct two classes of races, one for the newer vessels of the fleet that have demonstrated their superiority and a second class open to entries from the great body of the fleet which contain some fine schooners not in the *Bluenose* class but capable of making a good contest.

A solemn vow that he would not race off Gloucester again is partly the reason for Captain Angus Walters not competing in an International race off Gloucester this year. None of the courses such as Gloucester, Boston, Portland or Marblehead, in his opinion, are equal to the Halifax course for providing a real test for fishing schooners. Captain Walters it is understood was willing to race off any port excepting Gloucester. The *Bluenose* has now been laid up for the winter.

Liverpool Jarge

(Continued from Page 18)

was called the old Absinthe House, and the man sets out three glasses of soap and water. Jarge drinks his and a wild look comes in his eye, and he swings on the reporter without any talk; but the lad is very thirsty on his feet and runs out, and Jarge after, and me, but we didn't catch him, us bein' bad runners and a good deal of cargo aboard anyhow.

"After that we brought up in a kind of a market that looked like Whitechapel with coaster carts and we finds one that was loaded with boiled crabs, ten for five cents. Jarge said he preferred periwinkles, but he bought ten crabs in a sack, and I did, too. Up the street we found another cart with twelve crabs for five cents, and Jarge said they were a bargain, and had a sack, and I did, too. Then we finds a man that give fourteen for five cents, and Jarge said that was a big bargain, and had twenty-eight, and made me, too. Shortly we begin to spill crabs, and we set down in a narrower doorway, and I got out a mouth organ I'd bought somewhere and begins to play 'Rule Britannia,' and Jarge shells crabs and eats 'em. After he'd had about 30 he falls back with a groan and lays there with his eyes shut and near covered with shells and legs with the meat sucked out.

"I was just startin' the 'British Grenadiers' when up comes a nigger woman and says it's her door and what do we mean by clutterin' it all up. Jarge opened his eyes a second and kicks her very savage on both shins and she screams and a crowd comes and a bobby and a black maria, and me and Jarge brings up in police station, with him unconscious.

"They tries to make out we're drunk, but I showed how it couldn't be only havin' sweet drinks, and said Jarge was sick. And they said he was, and had a doctor in. The saw-bones took Jarge's pulse and listened to his heart and shook his head. There he lay on a cot with a blanket over and still huggin' his last sack of crabs. I bent down and says 'Jarge.' And he opens his eyes and picked at the blanket. 'Jarge', says I, 'wot's the matter?'

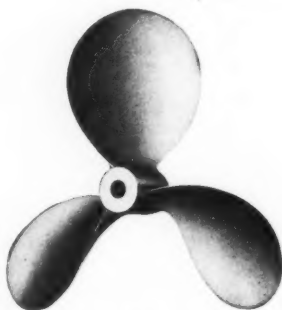
"He says in a kind of rough whisper: 'I must of et somethin',' and he give a gasp and died. And that was the end of him, and them was his last words, and he's buried in New Orleans."

Mr. Shaghellion finished his tale, chuckled slyly and shot a sleepily inquiring glance in my direction. I made no comment,—offered no criticism. He sighed gustily, let his chin down on his chest and closed his eyes. And presently a mellow rumble like the sound of distant thunder filled all the air and I knew that my aged troubador was sleeping it off. I reached the sidewalk on tiptoe.

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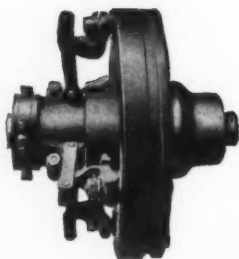


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The Open Fishermen's Races

(Continued from Page 14)

starboard, the *Ford* lead, and just before the start, luffed to kill time. She was kept right off again, over near the whistler end of the line, and crossed in the lead 48 seconds after the gun. *Columbia*, almost directly in her wake, crossed at 10:01:10.

Like race horses they sped down the five mile run to the Milk Island mark with the fleet-footed *Ford* opening out a good lead. She jibed at 10:27:17 and her rival at 10:28:31.

They now had a beam wind to the south east, or outer mark, which hauled till it became a broad reach. As it softened, off shore, to about twelve knots, the *Ford* kept widening the gap. But at 10:47 the *Columbia* passed her to weather, when both would have gone faster if they had hauled up a bit and made everything draw. The *Columbia*, however, had her staysail set to leeward of the fore-sail and it seemed to help her do the trick.

By 11:05, the *Columbia* appeared to have as great a lead over the *Ford* as the latter had had over her. *Columbia* seemed to be traveling in a heavier streak of wind. At 11:20, both were held high of the mark and with all sails full and a freshening breeze were tearing along with the *Ford* closing the gap and edging to weather berth.

At 11:30, the *Ford* had crawled onto *Columbia's* weather quarter, taking the latter's wind and slowing her up. They were then one mile from the outer mark, and a mild luffing match took place which resulted in the *Ford* once more leading the race. This was at 11:36. At 11:37, *Columbia* crawled under the *Ford's* lee till they were abreast.

The mark was nearly abeam, a quarter of a mile under their lee. On, on they went, beyond the buoy, for neither would give way. At last the *Ford* shot ahead and it seemed ages before she jibed to run back to round the mark. When she did turn, *Columbia*, that had not kept on so far, was turning nearer the mark and it seemed she would surely get there first. But the *Ford* got a wonderful move on and squeezed between the *Columbia* and the mark with only inches to spare. They rounded together at 11:47, with their sides nearly touching—the most thrilling sight ever seen in a fishermen's race.

Needless to say the *Ford* took the lead on this next, or windward, leg of the course. But not for long. She kept on the starboard tack and into a soft spot. *Columbia* tacked in shore at 11:51 and tacked again two minutes later.

At 12:20, both were on the starboard tack with *Columbia* astern, but pointing higher than the *Ford* and footing equally fast. She could have crossed the *Ford's* bow if they had wished to tack,



Cap'n Allswell says:

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COLUMBIAN *Bronze* PROPELLERS

12:22, saw the *Ford* in a soft spot and at 12:23 the *Columbia* went around, followed at once by her rival. At 12:25, when both were on the port tack, *Columbia* could not point with the *Ford* for over a minute. At 12:30, *Columbia* went onto the starboard tack, crossing the *Ford's* bow at 12:31.

The *Ford* tacked at 12:33. Shortly after they were both on the port tack, but *Columbia* was on a starboard tack from 12:55 to 12:57, while the *Ford* stuck to a port hitch.

Just before one o'clock, both were on the starboard tack; but *Columbia* split at 1:17 and went onto the starboard one again at 1:21. The wind had now increased to a 16 knot breeze and both were headed off, so they could not fetch the mark. *Columbia* went on a short port tack for the third mark at 1:47 followed a minute later by the *Ford*. The *Columbia* had to make another short hitch and the vessels rounded the mark, *Columbia* at 2:04:48, and the *Ford* at 2:08:19.

It was a close reach now to the Milk Island mark in a freshening breeze that put *Columbia's* lee rail awash. The gap widened and *Columbia* rounded the last mark at 3:01:51 and the *Ford* at 3:07:14.

The *Ford* sailed a game race the last five miles

along the "back shore" but she could not catch Captain Pine's craft. *Columbia* finished amidst a pandemonium of steam whistles and guns at 3:34:18 and the *Henry Ford* at 3:39:06.

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

The evening of October 13 the two skippers and their crews comprising 60 odd men, met at the rooms of the Master Mariners' Association and marched together to the Gloucester City Hall, where they were greeted by the Race Committee and a large gathering of the public, who cheered the men lustily as they entered.

After brief introductory formalities and speeches, ex-Mayor Frank E. Davis presented the cup which he had donated, to Capt. Pine as skipper of the fastest sailing fishing schooner on the North Atlantic.

Mr. Fuller was next called upon to present his trophy and he did things that brought a chorus of cheers. Mr. Fuller said he had heard a lot about splitting prizes and splitting purses and he thought if there was any splitting to be done he was going to do it. With this he produced a sheaf of gold backs, stating that he thought it was wise to put less into the cup and more into the hands of the captains.



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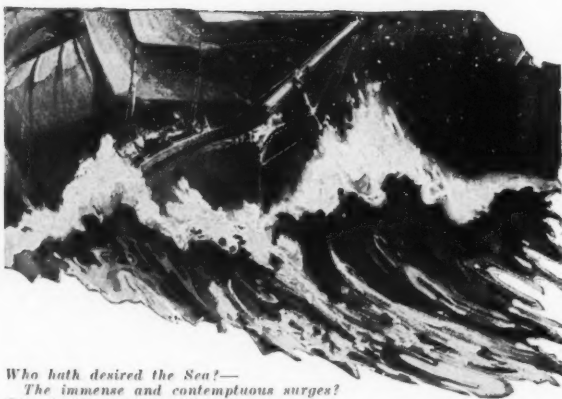
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He then divided the bunch of bills, stuffing part of them into the cup and placing an equal amount into the hands of Capt. Morrissey.

Mr. Fuller said that as he had been a member of the *Columbia's* crew he thought someone else should present the trophy and he asked Capt. Morrissey to do it. Capt. "Clayt" arose and made the formal presentation amid rousing cheers and cordial hand-shaking.

Mr. Fuller thought there should be something in solid silver to the loser as well as the winner and there was going to be, he said. Continuing his remarks, Mr. Fuller began arranging a silver bowl, about a two-quart size.

"I've been to a physician for a prescription to fill this bowl," he went on, "and although I have had much trouble, I think I have succeeded. I told the doctor that I had sailed on the *Ford* against the *Bluenose* and had never been the same since. Any man who had done that certainly was in need of a stimulant."

Reaching under the rostrum, Mr. Fuller produced an old pewter pitcher. Then carefully placing a lining in the bowl, he proceeded to pour. There was a silvery stream of brand new "cart wheels" which filled the bowl to overflowing. There were fully 250 of them and this additional loser's prize he presented to Capt. Morrissey.

These surprises took the crowd by storm and the applause and cheers resounded throughout the hall for some time.

Cheers for "Piney", cheers for "Clayt" and cheers for the vessels were carried on while the band played.

Chairman MacInnis then presented the cash prizes, \$1500 as announced, one-half of the third prize, \$250, and the \$1000 for conditioning to Capt. Pine and \$1000 for second, one-half of the third prize, \$250, and \$1000 for conditioning to Capt. Morrissey.

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Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 1st day of October, 1926.

BENJAMIN J. SELIG, Justice of the Peace.

